

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

"The Girl on the Film" Registers—
That's the Word.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

GOOD old Connie Ediss! "Eaves" up us, I don't know how we've got along without 'er last night when George Edwards' London Guyette Company released "The Girl on the Film" at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

Don't get the impression from this that the place itself proved less lively than the usual run of musical farces. As a matter of observation, "The Girl on the Film" registers—that's the word used in moving picture circles, I believe—a hit with the crowd. It may not be just the sort of thing that you'd drag your poor old father through a blizzard to see, but even if it doesn't seem quite up to the Gaiety Theatre standard it is a useful and amusing. On its way here from Germany it picked up a few English airs—and there you are—here it is!

Everything moved pleasantly, thanks to a good company generally and the fair Connie particularly. Her good nature withstood even the criticism of the motion picture manager that there was a bit too much of her in the foreground. Not to mention a background, this plump and jovous actress might have retorted that sometimes comparisons are unnecessary. Apparently, Miss Ediss has not been going in for the tango nor rolling downstairs to regain her girlish figure. It was all there last night, especially in a bicycle suit that might have been designed for a recent officeholder named Taft, and then again as an impromptu Carmen the gyrations of the Gaiety crowd reminded us that Calve may, or may not, have known when to stop. In short there was a great deal of Miss Ediss, though by no means too much. Some of her songs were a trifle "stale," but her unrivalled accent made them sound as harmless as Cockney folk-songs. By hard work and good work Miss Ediss proved herself more than worthy of the hearty reception given her.

George Grossmith couldn't possibly look the handsome motion picture hero he was supposed to be and it was next to impossible for him to reel off any fun in a part that should not have fallen to his lot, so there was some excuse for the buffaloes methods to which he resorted. However, his amiability put him on good terms with the audience, and he danced the tango very cleverly, demonstrating the fact that he is a light comedian from head to toe. Both in her singing and speaking voice pretty Emmy Whelan showed great improvement since her last visit, and she looked so well as a boy that she had nothing to gain by going back to skirts. Madeline Seymour sang her song about the mild charmingly, Mary Robson was somewhat more reserved than Mimi Aguilera as an Italian actress, and Dorna Leigh, black-eyed and dashing, danced in daisy and graceful fashion with a gentleman rejoicing in the temperamental name of Or-Ra. As for Lord Dangan he managed to live up to the traditions of titled gaiety.

"The Girl on the Film" was rather long-drawn-out, but on the whole entertaining.

"We Are Seven" Falls Short.

THERE'S a little play at Maxine Elliott's Theatre that will please you, even though it doesn't satisfy you. That is where "We Are Seven," which can scarcely be called a baker's half-dozen, falls short. I'd much rather not say this, for pointing out the weakness of Eleanor Gates's second-born—you know what "The Poor Little Rich Girl" promised—is like finding fault with a child.

First of all, "We Are Seven" means children. The fact that the children are as yet unborn is, in the words of the prospective mother, a mere detail. In a whimsical farce, as this one is called, an author may take liberties that would not be tolerated in plain, simple farce, which, heaven knows, is impenetrable enough. Yet I doubt very much whether the production Miss Gates has taken in classifying her play will save her. Although she has no doubt truth in her heart, in her heart of hearts, it must be said that the author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" has not struck twelve again. "We Are Seven" is bright and original and highly imaginative, but the fact is that it remains an undeveloped possibility, and this through sheer lack of skill. An idea is one thing, its application to the stage quite another. In trying with eugenic Miss Gates has hit upon something as new as the latest baby, but the heroine of her near-nursery story, who is obsessed with the idea of finding a husband for her father, the seven babies-to-be, talks so much of the thesis on immigration she hopes to work out on the east side that the earlier part of the proceedings is like an echo of a young ladies' summary. Diantha, as the enterprising maiden is called, becomes interesting and entertaining only when she declares she must have as an escort on her zoological expedition a good-looking, well-built young man who is deaf and dumb. The candidate for this position, who is all eyes the moment he sees her, starts a good practical joke by talking with his hands, and when he settles down to work a blackboard he uses adds to the fun. He lets her know he can read lips when they are close to his, and so everything goes well until his friends take a hand in the game and pay their addresses to Diantha as "a" and "d." But their arrest throws the end of the second act into such confusion that the curtain comes down lamely, and when everything is straightened out in a police station the practical end of a police station the practical end of a police station the practical end of a police station.



John doesn't compare, for example, with the one played in "Seven Keys to Suburbia." If the hero, who suddenly finds his voice before the sergeant's desk, were only allowed to justify himself by bringing to justice the grafter who has tried to turn a contribution for charity to his own account, the play would be stronger and better. There is a clever touch at the end when the shadows of seven children are seen on the window curtain of the police station, but the general impression left is that of private theatricals. Yet with it all there is a quality of charm and humor, and imagination altogether rare in farce. Moreover, the play is alive in good taste. As the highly futuristic heroine, "Miss Ediss" is not only funny and pleasing, but genuine and appealing in the scene where she croons a lullaby over the little one who is NOT in her arms. In addition to answering all the physical requirements of the father-to-be, William Raymond proves himself a good actor, with a well-bred manner and a talent for pantomime when he pretends to be deaf and dumb. The young actor who plays "Smith"—I'm not sure of his name—is also clever. Miss Ediss, who won our hearts long ago in "Hazel Kirke," plays a maiden aunt so well that it is a pleasure to see her again.

A PAPER CHIMNEY.

A paper chimney, fifty feet high and broad, is a curiosity to be seen at Bremen, Germany.

WORST EXPLOSION.

The most fatal explosion ever known was at Gravelines in 1864. Three thousand people were killed.

It Can't Be Done!

(A FIVE-PARTY PLAY.)

By Vic

**The Serum of Spring**

And What It Did to One New York Office

By Frank Condon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

Tom Holland and Miss Larned work in the same big office. They are engaged to each other and they take no pains to hide their mutual affection from their fellow workers. They are, respectively, a clerk and a stenographer. The office is a large one, and the two of them are the only ones who are not married.

(Continued)

IT was Saturday, and the office of the International Life closed at 1 in the afternoon. Thomas and Miss Larned were going down to the office of the International Life, which had been delayed until now by the backward season.

They were going to walk by the sea, hand in hand, to ride upon the newly tuned merry-go-rounds, eat the hissing frankfurters and buns, and have their photograph taken in a stationary automobile.

Before noon Godfrey was wiping the first perspiration of the year from his round countenance and tugging occasionally at his collar.

"It's certainly spring," he said to himself. "I feel queer somehow."

He stopped, transfixed, rooted to the spot, and stared beyond expression! Furthermore, when he looked in a dazed way across the broad room he beheld Miss Larned. She had just opened the door on the girl's side and was about to enter, when she also stopped and remained in a fixed attitude like Lot's wife.

The fearful object that riveted the attention of the two chiefs was a sort of blended composite in the exact center of the room, and when this blend dissolved it was apparent that one-half of it was Miss Larned and the other half was Thomas.

They had been standing there with their arms shamelessly around each other. They were kissing each other in a state of unconscious rapture and without regard to anything else in the world.

Miss Larned shook herself so that her stunned heart would resume its functions. Godfrey riddled his system of several scraps of startled rage, and then both of them started for the culprit, reaching them simultaneously.

Godfrey grasped Thomas by the collar and pulled him away. Miss Larned shook the guilty Miss Larned until her puffs came loose.

Miss Larned stood in the middle of the room, breathing hard and smoothing her hair. Godfrey wiped his red countenance.

"Astounding!" Godfrey said at length. "Demoralizing to business," Miss Larned answered. "We must uphold the rules strictly."

The warm spring breeze drifted in languidly through the windows, bringing with it the faint perfume of flowers and the spice of the South. It touched the moist countenance of Mr. Morley and caused his pulses to beat a rife more rapidly.

It stirred the light brown hair under Miss Larned's new spring hat and brought the faintest of blushes to her cheeks.

Somewhere off in the distance a hurdy-gurdy was playing the latest comic-opera music, and a very red rub in the midst of the wicked city, fluttered through the air, and alighted on the window-sill of the clock room.

"It certainly seems like spring today," Miss Larned said. "It's a slow, painstaking manner and not at all with his customary brusqueness."

"I was looking in the morning paper," Godfrey said, taking out his watch, "and the next best goes at ten after two. Suppose you and I, Miss Larned."

He did not finish the sentence. Well—if you must have details—when they came out of the clock-room three minutes later they were very flushed and very excited and slightly rattled—but very happy.

They walked arm in arm through the doorway, which is a difficult thing to do, and closed it softly behind them. On the beat to Happyland Thomas said to the delighted Miss Larned: "That sniff of a Morley hasn't any feeling!"

"It's an old bear," Miss Larned agreed; "but Miss Larned is a tiger!"

On the next beat to Happyland Mr. Morley was telling Miss Larned that two people who work through the week in an office certainly need fresh air and a change of scene. Miss Larned was nodding happy acquiescence.

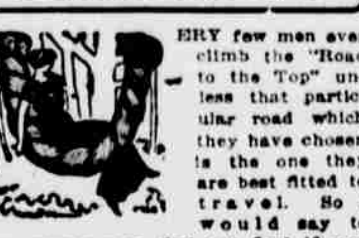
Then they gazed into each other's eyes. When the boat rubbed into the dock at Happyland they were still looking into each other's eyes.

THE ROAD TO THE TOP

Those Who Are at the Summit Point Out the Route to Others Who Are Beginning to Climb.

(Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).)
No. 5.—In TELEGRAPHY, by Belvidere Brooks
(Vice-President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who began his career as a messenger boy.)

RULES OF THE ROAD.
By Belvidere Brooks.
Be sure you are fitted for your work.
Adhere to one purpose.
Pay attention to business.
Feel responsibility.
Hustle, but don't be in haste.



Only a few men ever climb the "Road to the Top" unless that particular road which they have chosen is the one they are best fitted to travel. No I would say to you, young man, find out first if you are on the right road.

What you want to be usually is what you ought to be. For where your heart is your ability usually will develop and your energies always will be best employed. It is hard and unsuccessful work trying to shape yourself to a career that doesn't particularly interest you.

Every business wants hustlers. Hustlers make good business. Clocks in a business office are to mark the accomplishment of work more than to indicate lunch hours and closing time. Watch the clock only for one reason—see if you are getting out of every hour a full hour's worth of work. If your own work is done don't sit down and dream just because it isn't time to go home. Find something else to do—anything, so long as it accomplishes the business of the office.

If you want to become the head of a big telegraph company make your start in whichever of the three departments your natural inclination selects. There are the commercial department, the traffic department and the plane. In the plane you will need more or less technical education, for it is a department of technical engineers. In the commercial department you will need the attributes of a successful salesman. In the traffic department you will need the attributes of a messenger boy. Your immediate campaign would be to be not only the best messenger boy ever hired, but an embryo telegrapher. As a telegraph operator your aim would be to be the very best one that ever sat before an instrument. And so on up the line. The best local manager stands in line to become a general manager.

And don't accept as your "best" something that you already have done. Put your performances win promotion only in far as they indicate future performance. What you can do should be something infinitely bigger than what you have done, and between them should lie the evidence of what you are doing.

After all it all reverts back to hustle. Ability and natural inclination are so often discounted by a young man's failure to keep pushing them to the front. Between two young men of equal aptitude success comes to the one who makes the most of it.

You must pay constant attention to business or some detail of it will slip by you when you are not watching. "I would have done it if" has no chance to compete with "I did it." Your employer's business is yours, and unless you feel a responsibility for its successful consummation you cannot be faithful to the trust imposed in you.

And your employer's business is yours not only because you are hired by him, but also because it is your means of getting to the top. His road is your road, once you have chosen it. Adhere to the one purpose of climbing that road until you reach the top. His will be the hand that will lift you over the obstacles and out of the gulches. If you can show him that you are worthy of his help; that you are just as interested in keeping on the road as he is, and in your limited way are keeping the road safe for him. With all my insistence upon ambition, there is one thing of which I would warn you. Never tackle a job higher up until or unless you are very certain that you can make good in it. There is such a thing as overreaching your own limitation. If it means playing as an executive the facts you have mastered as a subordinate, and you are reasonably certain that you are ready for the promotion, all well and good. But if it means a radical change, the entering of a new department with which you are not wholly familiar, make sure you can swing the job before you accept the responsibility.

New Year's Resolutions

Those That Last and Those That Don't.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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HABIT IN CONTROL IS WORTH TWO IN THIS RESOLUTION.

Yet resolutions, like the brook, go on forever. And why? Because "nothing is permanent but change," and we change our views of things. Any man who solemnly swears to give up the smoke habit or the drink habit or any other habit often has his resolve well in hand but not the habit itself, and the resolution dissolves itself with the fumes of last winter.

In the words of the late Mayor Gaynor as to New Year:

"This is the happy season of the year. And in the midst of this elation of soul comes the beginning of the new year. We are filled with good intentions and are ready to make promises for our future conduct. But we have to keep remembering these promises. In fact, we have to renew them every morning to accomplish them."

Remember that a wife's wife for of that.

Cultivate a spirit to condone an offense rather than condemn it.

Remember that a mother-in-law is somebody's mother.

Do not make engagements that you know you will break.

Give ear to the washerwoman as well as to your social partner.

Know that the way to happiness is often paved with sacrifice.

Do not expect too much from a friend, and you will always have one.

Realize that revenge only fertilizes the soil of destruction.

Do the thing you think is best and abide by it like a soldier.

Think of a cross word as you think of a bullet, since it cannot be recalled.

Forget how easily you could fill the place of the "man higher up."

Learn the work of the man just above you, so that you could take his place.

Know that money can buy everything but love and peace and self-respect.

Realize that bluff is the bubble that bursts soon.

Give the daily blossom when it is needed rather than the funeral wreath at the end.

Learn wisdom from the man who has found success rather than from the man who awaits it.

And appreciate that good cheer is the everyday prescription which keeps hearts alive.

QUEER STATISTICS.

Grapes contain from 12 to 25 per cent. of sugar—more, that is, than any other fruit.

Gold coins lose 1 per cent. of weight in fifty years, silver 1 per cent. in ten years.

Canada last year bought from the United States wall papers valued at \$23,727,000.